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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# Robin Hood

*Date of earliest known original edition . . . c. 1561-9*

[B.M. c. 21, c. 63]

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*[Vol. 102.]*

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Robin Hood

C. 1561-9

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**THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS**  
MCMXIV



## Robin Hood

c. 1561—9

*This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."*

William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.

Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."

Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.

*The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



# A mety gesse of

Robyn Hood and of hys lyfe, wyth  
a newe playe for to be played  
in Maye games very ple-  
saunte and full of pastyme.

T. D.



Chere begynnes a lytell geſe  
of Robyn hode and his mery  
men, and of the proude  
Shryfe of No.  
tynham.

**R**ythe and ryſengen yl men  
That be of freborne blode  
I shal you tel of a good yeman  
Hys name was Robyn hode  
Robyn was a proude outlawe  
Whyles he walked on grounde  
So curteyſe an outlawe as he was one  
Was never none yfounde  
Robyn stod e in Vernisdale  
And lened h pon a tree  
And by him lytle John  
A good remen was hee  
And also dyd good Scathelocke  
and muche the mynners sonne  
There was no enche of hys body  
But it was worthe a grome  
Than besyake hym lytel John  
all unto Robyn hode  
Mayster if ye would dene betyme  
it wold do you muche good  
Than bespake good Robyn  
To drine I haue na lust  
Cyll I haue some bolde baron  
Or lone unketh gest  
That may paſſe for the best  
Or ſome knyght, or ſome ſquier  
That dwelleth here by welle

a good





a good man et then had Robyn  
In lande where that he were  
Euery daye or he wold dyne  
The masse s woulde he here  
The one, in the wchyp of the fether  
The other of the holy ghoſte  
The thypde was of our dere ladye  
That he loued of all other molle  
Robyn loued our dere lady  
For doubtē of dedly synne  
Woulde he neuer do company harme  
That any woman was in  
Maister then sayde lytell John  
And we oure bōde shall sprede  
tell vs whchih we shall gone  
And what lufe we shall lede  
where we shall take where we shall leue  
Where we shall abyde behynde  
Where we shall robbe, where we shall reue  
Where we shall beate and bynde  
Therof no force sayde Robyn  
We shall do wellynough  
But loke ye do no husdande man harme  
that tylleth with the plough  
No more ve shall no good yeman  
that walketh by grene wood shalve  
Ne no knyght ne no squyct  
That shuld be a good felowe  
these bryshoppes and these archebysboppes  
ye hal them heire and bynde  
the hre shryple of Notryngham  
Hym holde in your mynde

Thys woorde shal beholde saydlycis goyn  
And this lesson shall we lete  
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gess  
That we weet at our dynere  
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn  
Let muche wende wyth the  
And so shall william Stathelocke  
and no man abyde wyth me  
Nowe walke ye vp unto the Hayle  
and so to watlyng strete  
and wayte after some unketh gess  
By chatunclesome may re mete  
Be he Earle or any Baron  
abbot or any knyght.  
Byng hym then to lodge to me  
Hys dyner shalbe dyght  
They went anone unto the Sailes  
these yemen all three  
They loked East they loked West  
they myght no man see  
but as they loked in bernisdale  
By ademe grate  
then came ther a knyght rydyn  
full soone they gan hym mete  
all droussi than was his semblaunt  
and lytle was hys pryde  
Hys one boote in the stirrope stode  
that other waerd besyde  
Hys bode haged ouer hys eyes two  
He rode iusymply aray  
a sorver man than he was one  
Rode never on sommers day

Lyttell





Lekell John was curteysse  
and set hym on his knee  
Welcome be ye gentyl knyght  
Welcome are you to me  
Welcome be thou to grene wood  
Hende knyght and free  
My maister hath abyden fallyng  
Syr all these houres thre  
Who is your master sayd the knyght  
John Savde, Robyn hode  
He is a good yeman sayd the knyght  
Of hym haue I harde muche good  
I graunt the he sayd with you to wynde  
Guy breth: en all thre  
My purpose was to haue dyked to day  
at Blythe or Dancastre  
Forth them went that gentyll knyght  
with a carefull chere  
the teares out of his eyestane  
And fell downe be his leere  
They brought hym whto the lodge doore  
Whan Robyn gan hym see  
full courteysle ded of his hoode  
and set hym downe on his knee  
welcome syr knyght than sayd robyn  
welcome thou art to me  
I haue abyden fallyng syr  
all these houres thre  
Than answered the gentyll knyght  
with wordes I sayre and free  
Sgd the sayre good Robyn  
and al thy sayre m: n: s:

a.iii.

Chap

they was hed to gether and wyped bothe  
And set to thei<sup>r</sup> dynere  
Bread and wyne they had ymough  
and nombles of the dere  
Swannes and fesauines they had ful good  
and soules of the ryuer  
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde  
that euer was spred on brede  
Do gladly sy<sup>r</sup> knyngt sayd Robyn  
Gramercy sy<sup>r</sup> sayd he  
suche a dynier had I not  
Of all these wekes thre  
yl I coule agayne Robyn  
Here be this countre  
as good a dynier I shall the make  
as thou hast made to me  
I thanke y<sup>e</sup> knyngt then said Robyn  
My dynier when I haue  
By god I was never so gredy  
My dynier sor to crawe  
But pay or ye wende sayde Robyn  
Ye thynketh it is good ryghte  
it was never the maner by worshyp god  
a yeman to paye for a knyght  
I haue noughe in my cosers sayd the knyghte  
That I may profer for shame  
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hoode  
Ne let not sor no blame  
Tel me truthe sayd robyn  
So god haue parte of thee  
I haue more but x. s. sayde the knyghte  
So god haue parte of mee

if thou





If thou haue no more sayd Robyn  
I wyll not one peny  
And ys thou haue nede of any more  
Mo;e I shall lende the  
Go nowe forth lytle John  
The truthe tell thou me.  
is there be no more butt en sylynges  
Not any penny that I he  
Lytell John sp; ed downe his mantell  
Full fayre upon the grounde  
and ther he founde in the knyghtes cofer  
But eten halfe a pouarde  
Lytell John let it lye full stell  
and went to his master full lowe  
Inhat rynges Johnsayd Robyn  
Syr the knyght is true  
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn  
The knyght shal begynne  
Much wonder thynketh me  
Thy clothyng is so thynne  
Tell me one worde sayde Robyn  
and consayil shal st be  
I trowe thou were made knyght of force  
Or els of yem myre  
Or pls els thou halle by a sor yulbande  
and lyued in stroke and stryfe  
an oþeret or els a lecherur sayde Robyn  
With wros hall thou ledde thy lyfe  
I am none of them sayd the knyght  
By god that mad me  
an hundreþ winter here before  
Wyne auantiers knyghtes haue he

But

But oft it hath besall Robyn  
A man hat he disgrate  
But god that syteth in heauen aboue  
May amende his state  
Within twoo or thre eyers. Robyn he sayde  
Foure hundreth pound of good money  
Full well then myght I spende  
Now haue I no good sayd þ knight  
But my chyldren and my wyfe  
God hath shopen suche an ende  
Cyll god it amende  
In what maner saede Robyn  
Hast thou lost thy ryches  
For my great folly he sayde  
and for my hyndenes  
I had a sonne forsoche Robye  
that shold haue bene my heire  
whan he was twentye winters old  
In syerde wold iust full fayre  
Helle we a knyght of Lancastryre  
and asquier boide  
For to save him in his ryghe  
My goodes both set and solde  
My landes beset to wedd Robyd  
Untyll a sattayn day  
to a ryche abbot here helde  
Of saynt Mary abbay  
What is the some sayd robyn  
Truth then tell thou me  
Syr he sayd foure hundred pound  
the abbot tolde it to mee.

Now





Yrou and thou loie thy land sayde Robyn  
What shall fall of thee?  
Hastly I wyl me buske sayd the knyght  
Duer the salte sea  
And se where Christ was quiche and deade  
On the mount of Caluere  
Farewell frendeste hauie good day  
It ma no better bee  
Teares fell out of his eyes two  
He would haue gone his waye  
Farewell frendeste hauie good day  
I haue no more to pay  
Where by thy frendestes sayd Robyn  
Syr never one wyl knowe me  
Whyles I was riche ynow at whom  
Great bothe that wold they blow  
and now they runne away sco me  
as deales on atowe  
They take no more heede of me  
Than they never me satre  
For ruthe than wedt lytel John  
Scathelocke and Muche also  
Frill of the best wyme sayde Robin  
For here is a sample ther  
Hast thou any frendestes sayd Robyn  
Thy bowes that wyl be  
I haue none sayd the knyght  
But god that dyed on a tree  
Do awa thy iapes sayd robyn  
therof wyl I ryght none  
Wrestell thou I haue god to horowre  
Peter Paule or John

Pray dy god that made me for me to have  
And hope both sunne and moone lindis indes  
Fynd a better boro he sayd Robtyn q[uo]d  
O; mony gettest ethcu none. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
I haue none other sayd thathurgh this lande  
The sothe lez to sayoun. I lo imon eth nede  
But it be our deare Ladyn amylis dene  
She farleth me neuer or eth dayd on this lande  
By dere fronth god sayd Robtyn v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
To seche all Englaund thorowe. and al dayd  
yet founyd never to my pay. and therfore  
a miche better boro w[ill] sayd al dayd on this lande  
Come noth for the lytell John. eth inden  
and go to my treasour eth inden. and my swete  
and bring me my hounde eth poude. eth inden  
and loke it w[ill] tolde he v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
forth than we arlytell John. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
and Seathelocke went before v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
He tolde oure four hundred pound. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
By eyghten score v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
Is this well sayd lytell John. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
John sayd what gneweth the knyng he v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
it is almes to helpe a gentyl knyng. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
that is fall in pouerty. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
Haister than saide lytell John. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
His cloathing is full bynnes. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
ye must gnew the knyng ha his b[ig]ge b[ig]ge b[ig]ge  
To wrappe his body. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
for ye hauest staps haud greves. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
and muche ryche araye. v. i. viii. 11. 12.  
ther is no marchaunt in myc Englaund.  
So ryche I dare h[er]ell say v. i. viii. 11. 12.





Take him thre perdes of every coloures  
And loke that well mete it be  
Lytell John tolke none o other mesur e  
But his bowe tre  
And of every handfull thar he m et  
He lept ouer footes thre  
what the deuils draper said lytell Mache  
Thinkest thou to be  
Scathelocke stode full stel and laught  
And sayd by god almyght  
John may geue him the better mesur e  
By god it cost him but light  
M aister saide lytell John  
All vnto Robyn hode  
ye must geue that knyght an horse  
To ledre home al this good  
take him a gray couerser said Robyn  
And a saddle newe  
He is our ladies messenger  
God lende that it be true  
and a good palfray sayd lytell Mache  
to marnayn hym in hys right  
and a payre of boates sayd Scathelocke  
For he is a gentill knyght  
what shal thou gire hi lytell John said Robyn  
Syr a payre of gony spores tene  
To pray for all this company  
God bryng hym to stene  
In han shall neddaye he sayd the knyght  
Syr and your wyl be do  
This day twelue m ynes sayd Robyn  
Under the grene wodetree

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd Robyn  
A knyght alone to ryde  
Withoute Squyn e yeoman or page  
To walke by hys lyde  
I shall the lende bytyle John my man  
For he shal be thy knane  
In a yeman stede he may stande  
If thou great nede haue.

The seconde sytle.

**N**One is: he knyght gone on his way  
This game he thought full good  
When he loked on Bermisdale:  
He blessed Robin hood  
And when he thought on Bermisdale  
On Scathelocke Muche and John  
He blessed them for the best company  
That euer he in arame  
Then spake the gentyll knyght  
To lytel John gan he saye  
to morowe I must to yorke towne  
to saynt Mary abbay  
And to the abbot of that place  
Fourre hundreth pounde I must pay  
And but I be there vpon thys nyght  
My lande is loste for aye  
the abbot sayde to his couenant  
There he stode on grounde  
this day. xii. monethes came there a knyght  
And borrowed fourre hundreth pounde  
Upon all his lande and see  
But he come thys vthday  
Disherited shall he be,

It is





It is full early sayd the pypoure  
the day is not yet farre gone  
I had leuer to pay an hundreth pounde  
And lay it downe anone  
the knyghte is fide beyonde the sea  
In Englande is his right  
And suffereth hunger and colde  
and many a sore myght  
It were great pitie sayde the pypoure  
So to haue hys lande  
and ye her solyghte of your conscience  
ye do to hym muche wronge  
thou art euere in my verde sayde sye abbote  
By god and sainct Richard  
With that came in a fatte headed monk  
The hygh seleclerete  
He is dead or hanged sayd the monke  
By god that bought me dece  
and we shal haue to spewe in this place  
Fourre hundreth poundes by yere  
the abbot and the heigh seleclerete  
Sterte furth ful holde  
the highe iustise of Englande  
the abbot there did holde  
the high Iustice and many mo  
Had taken into their hande  
Holy al the knyghtes ded  
to put that knyght to wronge  
they demed the knyght wonderloun  
the abbot and hys meynys  
But he come this fylle day  
By herited shal be he

H: wyl come yet layde the Justyce  
I dare well undertake  
But in soide we lete to them all  
The knyght came to the gate  
Than bespalte that gentyl knyght  
Untyll hys menye  
Hewe put on your simple webes  
That ye brought fro the see  
they came to the gates whiche  
the porter was redy hym selfe  
And welcomyd them every chone  
Welcomesyr knyght lapes the porter  
My lode to meate is he  
And so is many a gentylman  
For the loue of the kyng  
the porter swore a full great oche  
By god that made me  
Here be the best eates house  
that everye ladeyn maye comyn fulf for that  
Lede them into the dable he saide  
that easid myght they be  
the hal not ebe theri said þ knyght  
By god that dyed on a tree  
Lodes were to meate yesterdyern with vndeyside  
In that abbottes hall  
the knyght went for þ assynded dolmen  
And saluted them greaþad full  
þ gladyly syr abbotsmyde the knyght  
I am come to holdon my daye  
the first worde that the abbot spakyn  
Hast thou brought me my paye  
Not one penny layd the knyght  
By god





My god what hast made me  
thou art a shrewd biter laid by abot  
Syr Justice drinke to me  
what dol thou here laid the abbot  
But thou haddest brought thy paine  
for god than sayde the knight  
to desyre you of a lenger day  
thy day is broke sayd the justice  
Land getest thou none  
Frome good syr Justice be my friend  
and defend me from my foes  
I am hold w<sup>t</sup> abbot laid by syr Justice  
Withe with cloth and see or  
Now good syr shirle be my friend  
Nay for god sayde he  
Now good syr abbot be my friend  
for thy curtesy  
and holde my landes in thy hande  
Cyll I haue made the gre  
and I will be thy true seruaunt  
and truly serue thee  
trill ye haue sowe hundred pound  
of moner godly hande  
the abbot sware a full great othe  
By god that dyed on a tree  
Get the lande where thou may  
For thou art shone of me  
By dere worthy god layd by knight  
that all this wold haught  
But I haue my lande agayne  
full dere it shalbe haught  
God that was of a mayden borne

Sende.

Dende vs well to sped  
For it is good a assay a scende  
Or that a man haue neve  
the abbot lothly on then gan loke  
But he sayde thou falle knyghte  
Spede the oute of my hall  
thou lyest thā sayd þ gentyll knyghte  
Abbot in thy hall  
falle knyght was Inetter  
By god that made vs all  
Wv than stode that gentyll knyghte  
to the abbot sayde he  
to suffer a knyght to knele so long  
thou canst not carkesly  
In justes and in tournement  
full farre then haue I be  
And put my selfe as farre in pse  
as anythat euer I see  
What wyl ye gyue more salo þ Justis  
and the knyght shall meke a teles  
and elles dare I slakelie sware  
ye holde never yout lande in peade  
an hundreth poundesayd þ abbot  
the Justis sayd gyue hym twoo  
Nay by god sayde the knyghte  
ye get reit not sooo  
though ye would gelle a thousandemore  
yet were thou never the wete  
Shall there never bemyne hym  
abbot Justis nestre  
He sterte him to a hourde anote  
Iyll a table rounde





and ther e he shoke out a bagge  
Euen fourre hundreth pounde  
Haue her e thi golde syr abbot said the knyght  
Whiche that thou lewest me  
Haddest the u bne curteis at my comynge  
I wold haue rewarded thee  
The abbot late syll and eate no more  
For all hys roiall cheare  
He cast his head on his shulder  
and fast gan to stare  
Take me my gold agayn sayd þ abbot  
Syr Justice that I toke thee  
Not a penny sayd the Justice  
By god that dyed on a tre  
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe  
Now haue I hold my day  
Now I shall haue my land eageyne  
For ought that you can say  
The knyght leet out of the doore  
away was al his care  
and on he put his good clothinge  
the other he left there  
He went him forthe ful metis sing  
as men haue tolde in tale  
His Lady met him at the gate  
at home in Ecysdale  
welcome my lord sayd his Lady  
Syr lost is al your good  
Be merci dame sayd the knyght  
and pray for Robyn hood  
That ever his soule be in blyste  
He holde me out of tene

C.6.

Nehad

He had not be his kyndnesse  
Beggers had we ben  
The abbot and I acorded hem  
He serued of hys pay  
The good yeman lent it me  
As I came by the w<sup>e</sup>aye  
This knyght than dwelled sayre at  
the so he for to saye home  
Cil he had got four hundreþ pouid  
All redy for to paye  
he puruaied hym an hundreþ bowes  
the stringes were well dyght  
an hundreþ shefs of arowes good  
the hedes burnayshed full hygght  
and euery arowe an ell longe  
With peacocke well I dighte  
and nocked þ<sup>r</sup> were with white silk  
It was a semely syght  
he purveyed hym an hundreþ men  
Well harneyled in that stede  
and himselfe in that same sute  
and clothed in whyte and rede  
He bare alaunce gay in his hande  
and a man ledde his male  
and rode with a light song  
Unto Herkyngdale  
as he w<sup>e</sup>t by a bridg was a wassling  
and ther taryed was he  
and there was all the best yeman  
Of all the west countrey  
a ful favre gama ther was upset  
a white bull by yyrgh





A great courser with saddle and brydle  
With golde burnisched full bryghe  
A papre of gloues, a read golde cyng  
A pype of wyne in good fay  
What man bereth him besywyg  
The piece shal bear eaway  
There was a yeman in that place  
And best worthy was he  
And so he was fayre and frend besyd  
Yllayne he shold haue be  
The knyght had routh of this yeman  
In place where that he stode  
He laid hys yeman shold haue no harme  
For the loue of Robyn hode  
The knyght presed into the place  
An hundreth folowed him in fere  
With bowes bent and arowes sharpe  
For to shend that compayne  
They sholdreth and made hym come  
To wete what he would say  
He toke the yeman by the hande  
And gafe hym all the playe  
He gaue him sive mark for his wim  
There it lare than on the medle  
And bad it shold beset abroche  
And dyrnke that who so would  
Thus long taried this gentil knyght  
Tyll that playe was done  
So longe abode Robyn sallyng  
Thre houres ofter none

**C**The thyrde sytke.  
L.ii.

**L**yth and lysten gentyll men  
Lai that nowe be here  
Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man  
Good myrthe ye shaltheare  
It was vpon a mery day  
That yonge men wold go shute  
Lyttell John set his bowe anone  
And sayde he wold them mete  
There iyneslytel John shot about  
And alway cleit the wande  
The prouide Shryfe of nottingham  
By the markes gan stande  
The shirife swere a full great othe  
By him that dyed on tree  
This man is the best archere  
That euer I dyd see  
Say me thou wight yonge man  
what is now thy name  
In what countreithou wast borne  
And where is thy wimig wane  
In holdernes I was borne  
I wyps al of my dame  
Men call me Reynold grenelefe  
Whan I am at home  
Say me Reynold grenelefe  
Wylt thou dwell with me  
and every yere I wyl the gyue  
thy enty marke to thy fee  
I haue a mayster said litel John  
a curteis knyght is he  
Whip ye get leue of hym, the better may it be  
The Shryfe gate lytell John

**C**welue





Twelue monethes of the knyght  
Therefore he gaue to him anone  
a good horse and a wyght  
Now is littel John y sheryfes man  
He geue vs wel to sped  
But alway thought lyttel John  
To quete him wel his mede  
Now so god helpe sayd lyttel John  
And be my trwe lewte  
I shal be the worst seruaunt to him  
That euer he had yete  
It bescil upon a wednesday  
The shryfe ou hantynge was gone  
And lyttel John lay in his bed  
And was forget at home  
Therefore he was fallyng  
Cyl it was past thencone  
Good syr steward I pray thee  
Geue me meate sayd lyttel John  
It is to long for grene lese  
Fasting so long to be  
Therefore I pray the stewarde  
My dyner geue thou mee  
Chalt þ never eat ne drinke sayde þ  
warde Cyl my lord bedme to town  
I make mee auow to god said littel  
John I had lete to crack thy crown  
the buteler was ful vncerties  
There he stode on flore  
He stert to the buteler and hit fast the doore  
Lyttel John gaue the buteler such a rappe  
His backe yede rygh into

Cho he lyue ih an hundred ih wynster  
the worse he shoud go  
He spurned the doore with his fote  
It went vp well and fyne  
and there he made a large lyueray  
Both of all and wyne  
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John  
I shall geue you to drynke  
and though ye like this hildeth witer  
Only tell John shall ye thenke  
Lytell John eat and also dronke  
The whyle that he wold  
the shyrife had in his kechin a coke  
a stoute man and a holde  
Imak mine a uow to god sayd þ coke  
thou art a shrewed fyne  
In an housholde for to dwell  
For to aske thus for to dyne  
and there he lente lytel John  
Good strokes thre  
I make myne a uowe said lytel John  
These strokes do lyke wel me  
thou art a bold man and a hardy  
and so thinketh me  
and or I passe fro this place  
as a yde better shalt thou be  
Lytell John drewe a good sworde  
the coke toke a nother in hande  
they thought nothynge to flee  
But stryf for to stande  
there they fought sore together  
two myle way and more





Myght neyther other hat me done  
the moun: enaunce of an houte  
I make myne awowe to god said lytel John  
and by my trewe lewte  
thou art one of the best sworde men  
that ever yet lawe I me  
Couldest thou shote as wel in a bowe  
to acene wood thou shouldeste wiþ me  
and ii. tymeſ in þere thy cloþing  
Chaunged it shoulde be  
and every pere of Robynhode  
twenty marke to thy fee  
Put vp thy sworde lard the coke  
and felowes wyl we be  
than he set to lytel John  
the nomibles of a Do  
Good bread and ful good wyde  
they ate and ranke ther to  
and whan they had dronken well  
their trouthes together the plyght  
that they woulde be wiþ Robyn  
that ylke same day at nyght  
the hyd them to the treasur house  
as fast as they myght gone  
the leckes that were of good stelle  
they brake them eury chone  
they toke awar siluer vessel  
and all that they myght get  
Beves masers and spones  
would they n̄en forget  
also they toke the good ſence  
þre hundreþ pounde and thre

and

And hyed the streyght to Robyn hode  
Under the grene wodetree  
God the saue my dere mayster  
And Chryst the saue and se  
And thou sayd Robyn to lytle John  
Welcome thou art to me  
And so is that good yeman  
That thou hast brought wþt the  
what tydinges from Notyngham  
Lyttell John tell thou me  
Well the greteth the proude shypse  
He hath send the here by me  
His cope and his syluer vessell  
And thre hundred pound and thre  
I make mine aduow to god sad robin  
And to the trynete  
It was never by his good wyll  
this good is come to me  
Lyttell John hym bethought  
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran  
Hym happed at his wyll  
than he met the proude shypse  
Huntyng with hound and horne  
Lyttel John coulde his curteysye  
and kueld hym beforeme  
God the saue me dere mayster  
and Chryst the saue and se  
Reynold grenclefe lard the shypse  
wher hast thou ne be be  
I haue nowe be in this forest  
a fayre syght can I se  
It was one of the fayrest sightes

that





That euer yet lawe I me  
ponder I se a ryght faire herte  
Hys coloure is of grene  
Seuen score dcre upon a yerde  
Be myth hym all bydene  
Hys crades he so sharpe mayster  
Of synty and well mo  
that I durst not shote for dode  
Lest they wold meslo  
I make myne auowe to god sayd the shryple  
that frghte would I sayne se  
Buske the thyderwarde my dcre mayster  
Anone and wende with me  
The Shirike rode and lytel John  
Of lote he was full smart  
And whan they came afore Robyn  
Lo here is the maister harte  
Sepl stode the proude shryple  
a soray man was he  
Wo worth the Reynolde grenelese  
Thou hast now betrayed me  
I make mine auowe to god saidyt tel John  
Maister ye be to blame  
I was misserued of my dynar  
Whan I was with you at home  
Soone he was to souperse  
and serued with syluer whyt  
and whan the Shirike sawe his vessell  
For sorowe he might not eat e  
Make good chec esayd Robyn hode  
Shirike for charitie  
And so; the loue of lytel ell John

D. i.

Chy

thy lyfe is graunted to the  
When they had supped well  
the day was a gone  
Robin commaunded lytel John  
to drawe of his hosen & hys shone  
His knyf eland his cote a ppe  
that w as furred w ell and syne  
And take him a grene mantell  
To lappē his body therin  
Robin commaunded his wight yemen  
Under the grenewood tree  
They shall lie in that sorte  
that the shirife might them see  
All nyght lay that prouid shirife  
In his breche and in his sherte  
No wonder it was in grene wood  
He his sydes do smarte  
Make glad sayd Robynhoode  
Shyryse for charite  
For this is our orderyng wy<sup>r</sup>  
Under the grene wood tree  
This is harver ordersaid þ shirife  
Than any ancre or stee  
For al the golde in mery Englaund  
I w ould not dwel longe here  
All these twelue monethes sayd Robyn  
Thou shalt dwel w yth me  
I shall the teache prouide shryse  
An outlawe for to be  
Or I here another nyght ly sayd the shryse  
Robyn nob<sup>e</sup> I pray the  
Smyle of my head rather to morne

End





and I roȝe weſt theſe  
Let me go thā ſayd the kyng yle  
For laynt charitie  
And I wyl be the best frende  
that ever yet had ye  
Thou ſhalt ſwear me an oþer ſaid  
On me bright brande, (Robyn  
thou ſhalt neuer mayte me ſcathe  
By water nor by lande  
And if thou fynde any of my men  
By myght or by dare  
Upon thine oþer thou ſhalte ſwere  
to helpe them that thou may  
Now hath the ſhirke ſwore his oþer  
and home began to gone  
He was as ful of grene wood  
as ever was any man

¶ The fourth sytte.

**T**he heriske dwelled in noȝtgh  
He was ſayne þ he was gone  
and Roben and his mery men  
Went to wood alone.  
So we to dynet ſayd lyle John  
Robyn ſayden nay  
for I drede our ladis he wroþt w me  
for he ſent me not my pay  
Haue no doubt maister ſaid litel John  
yet is not the ſunne at reſt  
for I dare ſay and ſafely ſwere  
The knyght is true and trut  
Take thy bow in thy hande ſayd Robyn  
Let Muche wende with thee

And so shall myllyam Scaþe locke  
And no man abyde with me  
And vp into the sayles  
and to watlyng strete  
and loke for some straunge gest  
By chatunce you may them mets  
whether he be messengere  
Or man that myrthes can  
Or if he be a poore man  
Or my good he shal haue some  
Forth than sterte lytell John  
Halse in fraye and fene  
And gyrd him W a full good swerde  
Under a mantell of grene  
They went than unto the Sayles  
Chese yemen all three  
They loked East they loked West  
They myght no man see  
But as he loked in Bathisdale  
By the hye waye  
Than ther ere they ware of two blacke monkes  
Eche on a good paltry  
Than bespake lytel John  
To muche he can saye  
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde  
That these monkes haue brought our pay  
Make glad chere layde lytel John  
And bende we our bowes of ewe  
And loke your hart be syker and lad  
your strynges trusly and trewe  
The monke hath but iii. men  
and seuen sommers full stronge

There





There rydeth no byshop in this lande  
So royll I understande  
Bretherne sayd lytell John  
Here are no more but we thre  
But we bryng them to dynes  
Our master dare we not se  
Bende your bowes sayd lytell John  
Make you yonder pisse to stande  
The for most monke his lyfe and his deth  
Is closed in my hande  
Abyde chorle monke sayd lytell John  
No ferther that thou gone  
If thou doest by dere worthy god  
Thy death is in my hands  
An euell thyft on thy head sayd lytell John  
Kyght vnder the hattes bonde  
For thou hast made our maister wroth  
He is fallyng so longe  
What hyght your maister sayd the monke  
Lytell John sayd Robyn hode  
He is a strong thesle sayd the monke  
Of him herd I never good  
Thou lrest than sayd lytell John  
And that shall sore rewethee  
He is a yeman of the forest  
To dyne he hath hode thee  
Muche was ready with a bole  
Redy and a none  
He set the monke to bore the brest  
To the ground he gan gone  
Of two and fifty yemen  
There abode but one

Some

Sate a lytle page, and a grome  
To lede the somers with litell John  
They brought the monke to the looge doore  
Whyther he were lothe or lese  
For to speke wyth Robyn hode  
Hauger in their teeth  
Robyn dyd dwone his hode  
The monke whan he did ce  
The mounke was not so curteysye  
His hode than let he be  
he is a churcmaster by dore worthi  
Than sayd lytel John (god  
therof no force sayd Robyn  
For curteysye can he non  
How many men sayd Robyn  
Had this monke John  
Fyfty and two whan that we met  
But many of them begon  
Let blowe we an horne sayd Robyn  
that felowshyppe may vs knowe  
Seuen score of ryght yemen  
Came priskynge on a rowe  
and every he of them a good mātel  
Of scarle and of raye  
all they came to god Robyn  
to wete what he would saye  
The made þ monk to wasshet wyppe  
and sylt at his drynere  
Robyn hode and lytel John  
They serued them bothe in seere  
So gladly monkes sayd Robyn  
Gramercy syz sayd he

where





Where is your abbay wher ye are at  
and who is your awowe      (Home  
Sainct Mary abbay said the monke  
though I be semple here  
In what astyce sayd Robyn  
Syr the hye Selerere  
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn  
So mote I thryue or the  
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn  
this monke shall drinke to me  
But I haue great maruel said robint  
Of all this long day  
I dredde our Ladre be wrooth with me  
She sent me not my pay  
Haue no dought maister sayd lytell  
you nedde not so to saye      (Tolw  
This monke hath brought it I dare swel  
For he is of her abbay      (Werc  
She was a bryde sayd Robyn  
Betwene a knyght and me  
Of a lytel money that I hym lent  
Under the grene wood tree  
and if thou hast that syluer broughte  
I may the let mes  
and I shal helpe the est agayne  
If thou haue nedde of me  
the monke swore a full great othe  
wytha sorow there  
of the borow hode thou spekest to me  
Herde I never ere  
I make mine awowe to god said Robint  
Monke thou art to blame

For god is holde a right wise man  
And so is his dame  
thou toldest with thine owne tonge  
thou mayest not say nay  
How thou art her seruant  
and seruest her every day  
And thou art her messenger  
My money for to pay  
therfore I do the thanke  
thou art come at thy day  
What is my bat to ter sayd Robyn  
true than tell thou me  
Syr he says twenty marke  
So more I thyue or the  
If there be no more sayd Robyn  
I wyl not one one penny  
If thou hast neede of any more  
So more hall I lende thee  
and if I syne more sayd Robyn  
þwys thou hale it for gone  
For of thy spendyng syluer monke  
therof I wyl haue none  
So nowe forth I tell John  
and the truthe tell thou me  
If ther be no more but twenti mark  
No penny that I see  
Lytell John layd his mantel down  
as he had done before  
and tolde dñe of the mynkes male  
Eight hundred poundes and mo<sup>e</sup>  
Lytel John let it lye full styr  
and went to his maister in hast

Sy<sup>e</sup>





Syr he layde the myke is true knowe  
Our lady hath doubled your cost  
I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn  
Monke that tolde I the  
Que lady is the trust woman  
That ever yet sounde I me  
By ders worshyp god sayd Robyn  
To seche al england thrawe  
yet sounde I never to my pay  
A muche better borowe  
Full of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robyn  
And greate well thy ladre hende  
And if she haue nedee of robyn hod  
A frende she shall hym lynde  
Ad she haue nedee of any more syluer  
Come thou e gayne to me  
And by this token he hath mesent  
She shall haue suche the  
the monk was going to Lodd ward  
there to holde great note  
the knyght that rode soþy on horse  
to bringe him vnder sole  
Whether he ye away sayd robyn  
Syr to Manaz in this lande  
to reken with our reuers  
that haue done muche wrong  
Comenowes for the lytell John  
and herken to my tale  
a bette yeman I knowe none  
to seche a monkes male  
and what is on the other coursers sayd robyn  
the soþe we melle

E.i.

By

By our lady said the monke  
That were no curtesye  
To bryde a man to dynner  
and sytthe hym bete and bynde  
It is our olde maner sayd robyn  
Coleue but litell behynde  
The monke toke the horse with spore  
No lenger would abyde  
aske to drynke than sayd robyn  
Or that ye farther tyde  
May for god than sayd the monke  
He cueth I came soncre  
For better cheve I myght haue dyned  
In Blythe o' Dankestere  
Crete well your abbot sayd Robyn  
and your p; your I you praye  
and byd him send me such a monke  
To dynner every daye  
Now let we that monke be syll  
and speke we of that knyght  
yet he came to holde his day  
whyle that it was lyght  
He did him streyght to Bernisdale  
Under the grene wood tree  
and he founde there Robyn hode  
and all his mery meyne  
The knyght light fro his good paltry  
Robyn whan he can se  
right curteisly he did a downe his hode  
and set him on his kne  
God the sauve good robyn hode  
and al thyg company

Welcom





Welcome be thou gentyl knyght  
And ryght welcome to me.  
Than bespake him good Robyn hooode  
To that knyght so fre  
what nede driveth the to greene woode  
I pray the syr knyght tell me  
And welcombe be thou gentyl knyghte  
why hast thou be so longe  
For the abbot app the hye Tyllyce  
They wold haue had my lande  
Hast thou thy land agayne layd Robyn  
Truthe than tell lhyu me  
ye for god das sayd the knyghte  
and thanke I god and tho  
But take no grefe said the knyghte  
That I have be so longe  
I came by awaſſlyng  
and there I dyd help a poore yeman  
With wrong was put behynde  
Now by my truche than sayd Robyn  
For that knyght thanke I the  
what man that helpeth a good yeman  
His frende than wyl I be  
Haue here .cccc. poundes then said the  
The whiche deatthe me (knyghte)  
and there is also my marke for your cur  
Nay for god sayd Robyn (telye)  
Thou broke it well for ave  
For our lady the heigh sevener  
Hath sent to me my paye  
and I shold take hit wyle  
a shame it were to me

E.ii.

But stately genyl knyghte  
Welcomme thou art to me  
And whan robyn had tolde his take  
He laughed and made good cheare  
By my truthe than sayd the knyght  
Your money is ready here  
Broke it well sayd robyn  
Thou genyl knyght so free  
And welcome be thou gentill knyghte  
Under this trasty tree (robyn)  
But what shall these bowes do sayde  
I dethese arowes sethered free  
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght  
A poure present to thee  
Come now forth lytel John  
By wyll done that it be (poundes  
Ge and fetche to me fourte hundred  
The monke ouer folde it me  
Haue here fourte hundred pounde  
Thou gentyl knyght and true  
And bye the a horse and hatnes good  
and gyld the spoures all newe  
And i thou sayle amy spendeng  
Come to robyn hode  
and by my truthe thou shalte none fasse  
the whyles I haue any good  
and broke wel thy. iiiii. hundred pound  
whyche I dyd lende to the  
And make thy selfe no more so bare  
By the counsayl of me  
that then holpe hym good robyn  
the knyght of all his care





God that syttest in heauen bye  
Graunt vs wel to fare

**C**he lefth syte.

**N**ow hath the knyght his leue itake  
And wente him on his waye  
Ro byn hode and his mery men  
Davelled syll full many a day  
Lyth and lystengentyl men  
and herken what I shall saye  
How the proude kynde of Notinghā  
Dyd crye a full sayn playe  
That all the best archers of y North  
Should come vpon adaye  
and they that shote al of the best  
The best shall bere awaye  
He that shotteth al of the best  
furthest sayre and lowe.  
at a parre of goodly buttes  
Under the grene wood shawe  
aryg'it goodars we he shall haue  
The shafe of syluer whyte  
the head and fetheres of riche red gold  
In Englande is none lyke  
this then herde good Robyn  
Under his trusty tree  
Make you ready you wyght yemen  
that shotyng wyl I see  
Buske you my mery yemen  
ye shall go with me  
and I shall knowe the shysses say the  
true and if he be  
Whan they had their bowes ybende

**L.iii.**

Their arbowes fetherre free  
Hellen score of wyght yemen  
Stod by Robryng knees  
Wher they cam to Noting harke  
The buttes were layre and longe  
Many was the bowe archer  
that shot with bowes stronge  
there shall bue syr shote with me  
the other shall kepe my heade  
And stand with godlynes bent  
that I be not deceipted  
the forth buttawel his bow can bende  
And that was roben hode  
and that behelde the proude shirrife  
all by the butte as he store  
thrise Robyn hode a bowe  
And alway he cleste the warden  
and so dyd good Gylbert  
with the lilly white hande  
Lytel John and godly Stachelocke  
were archers good and tree  
Lytel Melchis and godly Reynolde  
the worste would they not be  
whan that they had shote abowd  
these archers layre and good  
Euermore than was the best archer  
For sooth good Robin hode he had greate shire  
for best worthy was he  
He toke the gyf tuncurte shyngell llyg  
to grene wood than would he  
they cryed out on Robyn hode





and great hornes gan the blowe  
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn  
full euyl thou art to knowe  
and wo be thou, thou prouid shirise  
Thus cheting thy gest  
another promise tho u made to me  
within the wyld forest  
But and I had s in the grene forest  
Under my trusly tree  
thou shuldest me leue a better wed  
Than thy trewe lewte  
full many a bowe there was bent  
And arrowes let they glyde  
Many a kyrtel there was brent  
And hurte many a syde  
The outlawes shote was so strong  
That no man myght them dryue  
and the prouide shirises men  
they fled a way belyue  
robyn sawe the bushment to broke  
In grene wod he woulde hanse be  
Many an arowe ther was shot  
amonge the company  
Lytel John he washort ful sore  
wyth an arowe in the knee  
that he might neyther go nor ryde  
It was full great pitie  
Byster then sayd lytel John  
If euer thou louies me  
and for that ylke lordes loue  
That dyed by on a tree  
and for the medes of my seryses

That I haue serued the  
Let neuer the proude shirife  
alyue nowe to synde me  
But take out thy brawnes worde  
and smite thou of my head  
and giue me wondres to wodds longe  
that I after eate no breade  
I would not sayd Robyn  
John that thou were slayne  
For all the golde in myng England  
though I had it all by me  
God forbyd that sayd lytel Much then  
that dyed on a trese  
that thou shouldest lytell John  
Depart our company  
Up he toke him of his backe  
and bare hym well a myle  
In my atyme he layde hym downe  
and shote another a whyle  
Then was there a faire castell  
a lytile within the wood  
Double dyched it was aboute  
and walled by the rood  
and therewre dwelde that generall knyghte  
Syr Rycharde at the Lee  
That Robyn hadde leyd his good  
Under the grene wood tree  
In he toke good Robyn  
and all hys company  
welcome be thou Robyn hood  
welcome art thou me  
I do the thanks for thy comysse





and for thy curtesye  
and for thy great kindnes  
Unter the grene wood tree  
I loue no man in al the wold  
So muche as I do thee  
For all þ proud shryfes of Nosingha  
Right here shalt thou be  
Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge  
and let no man come in  
and arme you well & make you redy  
and to the wall yе wyne  
For dñe thyngh Robyn I the hote  
I sware by saynt Mawtine  
thou shalt these x̄ tayes abide W  
to suppe, eate a dñe (me  
Bordes were laid & clothes were spred  
Redye and aione  
Robyn hode and his merry men  
To meate gan they gone

**C**The syxte sytte.

**L**ythe and lysten gentyl men  
And herken vnto the songe  
Hewe the proude shirife began  
and men of armes stronge  
Full fast came to the hye shirife  
the countrey vp to route  
and they beset the knyghtes castell  
The walles all aboute  
the proude shirife louide can crye  
and sayd thou traytoure knyght  
Thou kepest ther eynges enemis  
agaynsl the lawes and ryghe

Syr I wyll allow that I haue done  
The dedes that here be dyght  
Upon all the laudes that I haue  
As I am true knyght  
Wende soyn syrs on your way  
and do ye no more vnto me  
Cyll you wele our kynges wyl  
What he wyl say to the  
the Thirfe thus had his answer  
Without any lesyng  
Forth he went to London towne  
All for to tell our kyng  
There he told him of that knyght  
And eke of Robyn hode  
And also of the holde archars.  
That noble were and good  
He wolde allow that he had done  
To mayntayne the out lawes strong  
He wold be lord & set you at noughe  
In all the North lande  
I wyll be at Notigham sayd þ king  
Within this fourte nyght  
And take I wyll Robyn hode  
And so I will that knyght  
Go home thou woude shryfe  
And do as I the bydde  
And orderne good archers ynow  
Of all the wyde countre  
The shryfe had his leue ytake  
And went him on his way  
And Robyn hode so grene wode  
Upon a certayn daye

¶





and irecl John was hole of the arowe  
That shot was in his kne  
and did him streyght to Robyd hode  
Under the grene wood tree  
Robyn hode walked in the forrest  
Under the leues grene.  
The proude Shirife of Notingham  
Therefore he had great tene  
þ Shirife ther he sawed of Robyn hode  
He might not haue his praye  
then he awayted that gentyl knyghte  
Both by nyght and by daye  
Ever he awayted that gentyl knyghte  
Syn richard at the Lee  
as he went on hauking by þ river side  
and let his hauke fye  
to be thare this gentil knyghte  
With men of armes stronge  
and lad him home to Notighā wards  
þ bound both foote and hande  
the shryfeswore a full great oþe  
By him that died on a tree  
He had leuer then an hundreþ pounde  
that robin hode had he  
Then the lady the knyghtes wif  
a faire lady and free  
She set her on a good palfray  
To grenewood anone rode shee  
When she came to the forrest  
Under the grene wood tree  
there found she Robyn hode  
And all his faire knyghte

God the clie good Robyn hode  
And all thy company  
For our dere ladres loue  
Abone graunt thou me  
Let thou never my wedded lorde  
Shamfully slayne to be  
He is fast boyd to Notinghā warde  
For the loue of the  
ane ne than sayd good Robyn  
to that lady fre  
what man hath your lorde ytake  
The prouide shirke than sayd she  
He is not yet passed thre myles  
you may them ouer take  
Up than starte good Robyn  
as a man that had he wode  
Buske you my mery yemen  
For hym that dyed on a tree  
And he that this sorowe forsaketh  
By hym that dyed on a tree  
And by him that al thinges maketh  
No lenger shall dwell with me  
Soone ther were good bowes ybente  
Mo than sevenscore  
Hedge ne dytche spared they none  
that was them before  
I make mine auowe so god sayd Robyn  
the knight would Ifayne see  
and ps ye he may him take  
yquerte than shall he bee  
and whan they came to Notingham  
they walked in the strete

And





and with the prouide thirife wyls  
Soone gan the mete  
I byde thou prouide shryfle he layd  
I byde and speake with me  
Of some tydinges of our kinge  
I wolde sayn here of the  
Thys seuen vere by dere worthy god  
Ne yede I so fast on fote  
I make myne awowe to god þy prouide  
That is not for thy good      Thirife  
Robin bente a good bowe  
An arow he drew at his wyll  
He hyt so the prouide shryfle  
Upon the grounde he lay full styll  
And or he myght up aryse  
On his fet e to stande  
He smote of the shryfles head  
with hys bright bronde  
Lye thou there thou prouide shryfle  
Euyll may thou thyue  
ther e myght no man to the trust  
the whyles thou wast abyue  
His mē drew out ther bright swordes  
that were so sharpe and kene  
and layde on the shryfles men  
and dryued them downe by dene  
Robyn slapt i o that knight  
And cut into his bande  
And toke him in his hande a bowe  
and hadde him by him stande  
Leue thy horse the behynde  
and learne so; to renne

F.iii.

thow

Thou shalt with me to grene wode  
Through myre molle and sene  
Thou shalt with me to grene wode  
wythout any leasynge  
I'ill that I haue get vs grace  
Of Ed iward our comely kynge

¶ The. vii. sytte.

**T**he kyng came to Notingham  
with knyghtes in great arraye  
For to take that gentyll knyght  
and Robin hooде if he may  
He asked them of that countrey  
After Robin hooде  
and after that gentyll knyght  
that was so holde and froute  
Whan they had tolde him the case  
Our kyng vnderstode their tale  
and ceased in his hande  
The knyghtes landes all  
all the cumpaie of Lancasthire  
He wend both farre and nere  
Tyl he came to Plomton parke  
He sayled many of his dere  
ther our kyng was wont to se  
Herdes many a one  
He could vnneth fynde any dere  
that bare any good horne  
the kyng was wonder wro the withall  
and swore by the trinitie  
I would I had Robin hooде  
Wyth eyes I might him see  
and he þ would smite of the knyghtes

(heade





And bryngē it to mee:  
He shoulde haue þ knyghtes landes  
Syr Rychard at theyle  
I geue it hym with my charter  
and seale it with my hande  
To haue and holde for euer more  
In al mery Englande  
than bespake a fayre old knyght  
that was true in his fay  
a my lege lord the kynge.  
One worde I shall you say  
there is no man in this countrey  
May haue the knyghtes landes  
Whyle Robyn hode may ride or gon  
And beare a bowe in his handes  
that he ne shall lose his heade  
that is the best ball in his hoode  
Give it to no man my lord þ kynge  
that ye wyl amy good  
Halse a yere dwelled our cōly kyng  
In Nottingham and well more  
Could hy not here of Robyn hooode  
In what countre that he were  
But alway went god Robyn  
By halte and eke by hyll  
And all way slete the kringes dere  
and usd them at hys wyll  
than bespake a proude fostere  
that stode by our kynges kne  
If ye wylle good Robyn  
you must do after me  
Take liue of the best knyghtes

That

That we be in your lede  
and walked downe by your abbay  
and get you monkes wede  
and I wyl be your lodes man  
and lede you on the waye  
and or ye come to Notnigham  
my heade then dare I saye  
That ye shall mete with good Robyn  
Onlyue yf that he be  
or ye come to Notnigham  
With eyes ye shall him see  
Full hastely our kyng was dyght  
So were his knyghtes syue  
They were all in monkis wede  
and hasted them thyther blythe  
Our kyng was great aboule his cole  
a brode hat on his crowne  
Right as he were a bbot lyke  
They rode vp into the towne  
Stiffe boote our king had one  
Forsothe as I you saye  
He rode syngyng to grene wood  
The couent was clothed in gray  
His male horse and his great lamers  
Followed our kng behynde  
Thil they came to grenewood  
a mile vnder the lynde  
There they met with good Robyn  
Standinge by the waye  
and so drd many a holde archere  
Forsothe as I you saye  
Robyn the kynges horse





Hauing in that tede  
And saeo sy; abbot by your leue  
a whyle you must abyde  
We be yemen of this forest  
Under the grene wode tree  
We leue by our kynges dere  
Other shylthanne not we  
And ye haue churches & r̄kes both  
and good full great plente  
Geue v̄ some of your spendyng  
For saynt charite  
Than bespake our comely kyng  
anone than sayd he  
I brought no more to grene wode  
But fourty pound with me  
I haue layne at Notingham  
This fourtnight with our kyng  
and spend I haue muche good  
In many a great lordyng  
and I haue but fourty pounde  
No more than haue I me  
But if I had a hundreth pounde  
I would geue it to the  
Robyn toke the fourty pounde  
and delivde it than did he  
Halse he gaue to his mery men  
and bad them mery to be  
Full curteosly Robyn gan say  
Sy; haue this for your spendyng  
we shall mete an other day  
Gramer cy than sayd our kyng  
But well the greteth Edward our kyng

G.i.

He hath

He hath sent to the his saele  
and biddeþ the come Notingham.  
Both to meate and to mele.  
He ioke out the brode seale  
and sone he let me le  
Robin could his curteysye  
And set him on his knee  
I loue no man in all the world  
So well as I do my kynge  
Welcome is my lordes seale  
and monke for thy tydycg  
Syr abbot for thy tydycges  
to day thou shalt dyne with me  
For the loue of my kynge  
Under my cruxy tree  
For he had our comely kyng  
full sayre by the hande  
Many a dere ther was slayne  
and full fast was dyghtande  
Robyn take a full great hōne  
And loude he can it blowe  
Seuen score of wight yemen  
Came runnynge on a roly  
All they kneled on their kne  
full sayre before Robin  
The kyng said him selfe vntil  
And swore by saint Austin  
Here is a wonder semely syghte  
We thrynketh by goddes pene  
Diz men are moxe at his bydycg  
Than my men be at mine  
Full hallidip was their dynet dyght.





—  
Ano ther to can they gone  
They serued our kyng with all their  
Both Robin and lytel John (might  
anone before our kyng was set  
The latte venyson  
The good whit bread & good red wyne  
And therto the fyne ale browne  
Make good cheare sayd Robin  
Abbot for charitie  
And for this ylke tydynge  
Blessed may thou be  
Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede  
Or that thou hence wende  
than thou maiest ensourm our kyng  
Whan ye to gether by lente  
Up they stet're all in hast  
their bowes were smartely bent  
Our kyng was never so sore agayn  
He wende to haue ben shente  
Two yerdes there werd vp set  
ther to can the gange  
Bofrytys space our kyng sayde  
the markes were to longe  
On euery syde a rose garlande  
the shot vnder the lyre  
Who so faileth of the rose garland said  
Hes takyll he shal tyne      Robyn  
And yelde it to his master  
Be it never so frne  
For no man wyl I spare  
So drynke I ale or wyne  
A good busket on his head bare

G.ii.

Ffor that thalve his syne  
and thole that sell to Robyn lot  
He smote them wondre late  
Twylse Robyn shot a bout  
and ever he cleued the wande  
and so did good Gilbert  
with the lilly white hande  
Lytell John and good Scathelocke  
For nothing would they spare  
whan they sayled of the garland  
Robyn smote them full late  
at the last shot that Robyn shot  
For all his frendes fare  
yet he sayled the garlande  
The fyngers and more  
than bespake god Elerte  
and than he gan say  
Maister he said your takill is lost  
Stand forth and take your pay  
If it be so saide Robin  
that may no better be  
Syr abbot I delyuer the mine arowe  
I pray the serue thou me  
It falleth not for mine order saide the  
Robin by thy leue (kyng)  
For to smite no good yeman  
For doubt I shold him greue  
Smythe on holdly said robin  
I geue the largely leue  
Anone our king with that worde  
He solded vphis leue  
And stiche a buffet he geue Robyn





To ground ye yede fullnere  
I make mine auowe to god said robb  
thou art a tall frere  
ther is pith in thine arme said robb  
I trowe thou can wel hote  
Thus our king and Robin hode  
together they gan mete  
Robyn behelde our comely kyng  
Stedfastly in the face  
So did syr Richarde at the Lee  
and kneled downe in that place  
And so did all the wild outlawes  
Whan they sawe them knele  
My lorde the kyng of Englannde  
Now I knowe you wele  
Mercy than layd robin to our king  
Under this trilly tree  
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace  
For my men and for me  
and yet layd good robin  
as good god do me saue  
I aske the mercy my lorde the kyng  
and for my men I it craue  
yes for god sayd our kyng  
Thy petition I graunt the  
So þ thou wyl leue the grene woode  
and all thy company  
and come home to my courte  
There to dwell with me  
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin  
and ryght so shall it be  
I wyl come to your courte

your seruyce for to se  
And bryng with me of my men  
• Seuenscore and thre  
But and I lyke not your seruyce  
I wyll come agayne full soone  
And shote at the diuine dere  
as I was wont to done

**C**h. viii. sytte kyng  
**H**ast þ any grene cloth said our  
That þ wilte now sell to me  
ye for god sayde Robyn  
Chyrtþ yerdes and thre  
Robyn sayd our kyng  
Now pray I the  
To sel to me some of that cloth  
To me and my meynyn  
yes for good than said Robyn  
Or els I were a foole  
and other day ye wyl me cloth  
I trowe agaynþ the yole  
the kyng cast of his cote than  
a grene garment he drd on  
and euery knight had soþwys  
they clothed them full soone  
Whan they were clothed in Lincoln  
they cast away ther gray (grene  
Now shal we to Notyngham  
all this our kyng can sav  
the bent their bowes and forth they  
Shotidg all in fere (went  
toward the town of Notingham  
Outlawes as they were





Our kyng & Robyn rode together  
For sooth and as I you say  
And all they shot plucke busset  
As they wente by the way  
and many abusset our kyng wan  
Of Robyn hode that daye  
and nothyng spared good Robin  
Our kyng whan he did paye  
So god me helpe sayd the kyng  
Thy game is nougat to lere  
I shou'd not get a shote of the  
Though I shote all this vere  
All the people of Notingham.  
they stode and beheld  
they sawe nothinge but mankers of  
That colered all the felde grene  
than euery man to the other ca say  
I d'rede oure kyng be lone  
Come robyn hode to the townybis  
On lyue he leueth not one  
full hastely they began to fle  
Both yemen and knaues  
and olde wyues that might entill go  
Thei hypped on their slaues  
The kyng lough ful fast  
and commaunded them to come agayne  
whan they sawe our comelykyng  
playn they were full fayne  
They ate and dranke and made them glad  
and songe with notes hye  
than belsepake our comely kyng  
To syn Rychard of the le

The gall

He gaue him there his lande agayne  
A good man he hadde him be  
Robin hadde thanked our comely king  
And set him on his knee  
Robi hode dwelleth in þ kinges court  
Both twelue monethes and three  
that he had spent an hundred pound  
and all his mennes fee  
In every place where Robine came  
Exermore he lay downe  
Bothe for knyghtes & squyeres  
To get him a great renowne  
By than the yere wa 3 all gone  
He hadde no man but twayne  
Lytel John and good scathelocke  
Wþt hym all for to gone  
Robin saue yowre men hote  
Full fayre upon a day  
alas than said good Robin  
My welthe is wendaway  
Sometime I was an archer good  
a slyfe and eke a stronge  
I was comended for the best archer  
That was in mery Englannde  
alas than sayd good Robyn  
alas what shall I do  
If I dwell lenger with the kinge  
Sorowe wyll me slo  
Forth than went Robin hode  
Tell he came to our king  
My lord the kyng of Englannde  
Graunt me my askyng





I made a Chapell in Bernisdale  
That semely is to se  
It is of Mary Magdalene  
and there would I saene be  
I might no time this seuen nyghtes  
No time to slepe ne wyake  
Neyther all this seuen dayes  
Nother eate nor drynke  
Me longeth sore to Bernisdale  
I may not be ther fro  
Bare fote & wolward hatte I hight  
thether for to go  
If it be so than sayd our kyng  
It may no beter be  
Seuen nyghtes I geue the leue  
No lenger to dwell fro me  
Gramercy lorde than sayd Robyn  
and set him on his kne  
He toke his leue full curteesly  
To grene wode than went he  
whan he came to grene wode  
In a mery morwyng  
There he harde the notes small  
Of byrdes mery syngyng  
It is farre gon sayd Robyn  
That I was last here  
I haue a lyttell lust for to shote  
at the dwyne dere  
Robyn slew a full great harte  
His horne than can he blowe  
that all the outlawes of that forest  
that horne could they knowe

D.S.

and

And gad red them together  
In a lytell thowe  
Seuen score ot wyght yement  
Comerunninge narowe  
and iayre dyd of their hodes  
and set them cn their kne  
Welcome they sayde our maister  
Under the grene wood lee  
Robin dwelleth in grenewode  
twentyn yeres and two  
than for drede of Edward our kyng  
Agayne would he not go  
yet he was begyled ywys  
through a wicked woman  
the pyronesse of Kyrkessy  
that nye was of his kynne  
For the loue of a knyght  
Syr Roger of Donkester.  
For euyll mot thou the  
they toke together their cotinsaill  
Robyn hode for to sée  
and howe thei myght best do þe dede  
His banes for to be  
than bespake good Robyn  
In place whare as he stode  
to morowe I must to Kyrkessy  
Craftely to be letten bloude  
Syr Roger of Donkestere  
By the pyronesse he laye  
and there they betraied good Robi hoder





Reverentyn their talleplaye  
Christ haue mercy on his soule  
That dyed on the roode  
For he was a good outlawe  
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of  
Robyn hode

C:D

**W**here dwelleþ Robyn Hood, verye  
proper to be played,  
in Shapogames.

**R**obyn hode. (all)

**R**owland yeforþ my mery men  
and harke what I shall say -  
Of an adrenture I shal you tell  
the whiche I esell this other day  
as I went by the hygh way with  
a stoute frere I met  
and a quarter stalle in his hande  
Lyghtely to me he lept  
and shyl he hadde me stande  
There were strypes two or three  
But I can not tell who had the worse  
But well I wote the horeson lepte within me  
and fro me he toke my purse  
Is there any of my mery men all  
That to that frere wyll go  
and bryng him to me forth withall whether he  
(wyll or no)

**C**lytell John

yes mayster I make god auowe  
To that frere wyll I go  
and bryng him to you whether he wyl or no

**C**freyer tucke  
Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

Isnot





God laue all this compauny  
But am not I a jolly ffre  
For I can shote both farrre and nere  
and handle the sworde and buckler  
and this quarell stasse also  
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman  
I am not astrayde to loke hym vpon  
Nor boldly with him to carpe  
If he speake any wordes to me  
He shall haue scrypes two or thre  
That shal make his body smarie  
But maister to shew you the matter  
Wherfore and why I am come hither  
In sayth I wyl not spare  
I am come to leke a good yeman  
In Vernisdale ne sainis his habitacion  
His name is Robyn hode  
and if that he be better man than I  
His seruaunt wyl I be and serue him truely  
But if that I be better man than he  
By my truthe my knawe shall he be  
and leade these dogges all threes.

Robyn hode.  
Yelde the sryer in thy long cote  
Sryer tucke  
I he hew thy hart knave, þ hurdest my throt  
Robyn hode  
I trowe sryer thou beginnest to dote  
Who made the so malapert and so holde  
To come into this forest here  
amonge my salowe dere

Hus.

Sryer

Fryer.

Ge louse the ragged knaue  
If thou make mani wordes I wil geue þ on þ  
Though I be but a poore sryer      (earre  
To seke Robyn hode I am com here  
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lously sret what wouldest thou W hym  
He never loued sryer nor none of freiers kyn

Fryer.

Aualunt ye ragged knaue  
Dy ye shal haue on the skymme

Robyn hode.

Of all the men in the morning þ art the wort  
To mete with the I haue no lust  
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in þ morning  
To spedell that day he standeth in ieoperdy  
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuell of hell  
Fryer I tell the as I thinke  
Then mete with a sryer or a fox in a morwyng  
Dy I drynike

Fryer.

Aualut thou ragged knaue this is but a mock  
If you make mani wordes you shal haue a knock

Robyn hode

Harke frere wha t I say here  
Over this water thou shalt me bere  
The brydge is bor; he away

Fryer,

To say nape I wyll not  
To let the of thine oþ it were great pitie altho  
But upon a sryers backe and haue euernyn

Robyn





Robyn hode.

Nay haue ouer.

Fryer.

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without  
To lay the here I haue nogreat doubt  
Now art thou Robyn without, & I frere Win  
Lye ther knaue chose whether þ wilte sike or

Robyn hode.

(Sw m)

Why thou lowly frere what hast thou done

Fryer.

mary set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode

Cherforz thou abyde.

Fryer

Whþ wylt thou syght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke.

Fryer.

Than haue a stroke for fryer tucke

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke

Fryer.

Saye on ragged knaue

me semeth ye begyn to swete

Robyn hode.

In this forrest I haue a hounde

I wyl not give him for an hundredth pounde

Seue me leue my horne to blowe

That my hounde may knowe

Fryer.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubtē

Untyll bothe thynē eyes starte out.

V.iiii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in  
Clothed all in kendale grene  
And to the they take their way nowe

Robyn hode

Peraduenture they do so

C Fryer.

I gaue the leue to blowe at thy wyl  
Now giue me leue to whistell my syll

Robin hode.

whistell frere euyl mote thou face  
Untyll bothe thyne eyes darte

C Fryer

Now cut and bause  
Brieng forth the clubbes and staues  
And downe with thosse ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

Holw sayest thou frere wylt thou be my man  
To do me the best seruise thou can  
Thou shalt haue both golde and fee  
and also here is a Lady free  
I wyl geue her unto the  
And her chapplayn I the make  
To serue her for my sake

C Fryer

Here is an huckle ducklet an inch aboue þ bie  
she is a trul of trull, to serue a frier at his lull  
a prycker a pratine et a teret of shekes  
a wagger of hallockes when other men slepes  
Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ syde  
For my lady & I wyl datunce in þ myre for veri

Robyn hode

(pure ioye)

Lysten to my mery men all  
and harke what I shall say

De





that besell this other daye  
with a proude potter I met  
And arose garlante on his head  
the floures of it shone maruaylous freshe  
this sellen were & more he hath vsed this wape  
yet was he never so curteyle a potter  
as one peny passage to paye  
Is there any of my mercy men all  
That dare be so bolde  
to make h̄ potter paie passage either siluer or

**Clytell John.** (golve

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde  
For there is not among vs al one  
that dare medle with that potter man for mā  
I felte his hand es not long agone  
But I hed leuer haue ben here by the  
Therefore I knowe what he is  
Metē him whē re wſl or metē him whē ye ſhal  
He is as proprie a man as euer you medle Wal

Robyn hode.

I will laſt wiſh the litel John xx. pounds to read  
If I wrch that potter metē  
I wil make him pay passage malgre his head

**Lettell John.**

I conſente thereto to eate I bread  
If he paſſage maugre his head  
Twēti pound Hall ye haue of me for your mede

**The potters boye Jacke**

Out alas that euer I ſawne thiſ daye

**A. b. 1. 1. 1. f. 2.**

From Rotygham towne  
If I bye me not the fassher.  
O I come there the mar yet wel be done  
Robyn hode.

Let mese are the pottes hole and sounde  
Jacke  
yea meillier but they w ill not breake the ground  
Robyn hode  
I wil the breake for þe cuckold thi maisters sake  
And if they will not breake the grounde  
thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke  
Out alas what haue ye done  
If my maister come he will breake your crowne  
the potter  
Why thou horson art thou here yet  
thou shouldest haue bene at market

Jacke  
I met with robin hode a good yeman  
He hath broken my pottes  
And called you kuckolde by your name

The potter  
Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me lave  
But thou semest a noughey knaue  
Thou calllest me cuckolde by my name  
and I swere by God and saynt Iohne  
Wyse hab I never none  
This cannot I denye  
But if thou be a good felowe  
I will sel mi horse mi barneis pottes & paniers  
Thou





If thou be not so contente  
Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my b; other

Robyn hode

Harke potter what I shall say  
This scuen yere and more þ hast vsed this way  
Yet were thou never so curteous to me  
As one penny passage to paye

the potter

Whyn shold I paye passage to thee

Robynhode

So I am Robyn hode chiche gouernour

Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

This scuen yere haue I vsed this way vp and  
yet payed I passage to no man (downe  
No; now I wyl not beginne to do þ worst þ ca

Robyn hode.

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grē woda

O; els thou shalt leue a wedded with me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

Laye awape thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande

And se what shall befall

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god awowe

I tolde your mayster so god me save

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knave

Molde

270  
And I wylly fly by you stande  
Ready for to fyghte  
Be the knaue neuer so stouse  
I shall rapp e him on the snoute  
And pue hym to fyghte

Thus endeth the play of  
Robyn Hode

Impryned at London vpon the thre Crantie  
wharle by wyllyam Copland,



























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